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THE TOO-PREVIOUS PASSENGER.



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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, February 3rd, 1892. — No. 778.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THESE ARE a few plain, but highly important truths about this republican government of ours which the other nations of this world seem very unwilling to learn; and of which some people who call themselves, and perhaps think themselves Americans, seem to be strangely ignorant. Now, the enlightenment of foreign nations is a matter of secondary importance. So long as they mind their business and do not meddle with ours, we can afford to be calmly and cheerfully indifferent to any stranger's prejudices that are the outgrowth of willful ignorance. But it is of the most serious consequence to us that no one of our citizens who cares for, or is capable of caring for his country, should be allowed to remain ignorant of the nature of the title which she holds to his love, service and devotion. And, we are sorry to say, there are Americans who know nearly as little of what the government of their country really is, as an Englishman knows of the world outside of the British possessions. And the reason that they know so little is not that they are indifferent or unpatriotic, but that they have never realized that it is their duty to inform themselves on the subject.

The first thing they need to learn is that every one of them is carrying around a part of the government of the United States in his clothes, and a part of its brains under his hat. And the next thing in order is to learn that when the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to themselves and their posterity, did ordain and establish a Constitution for the United States of America, they founded a government in good sense and good faith, and that government is going on to-day as they meant to have it go on. It is not, perhaps, unnatural that a foreigner should find some difficulty in grasping these two truths. When we read in extracts from the London papers of the "tortuousness of American politics" and learn from the same source that our whole trouble with Chile was got up solely to aid President Harrison in securing a second term, we can afford to smile even if we think the writer is sincere. We say to ourselves: this rubbish is written by a man who in all probability has not been five hundred miles out of London in all his life. He knows no more about this country than he knows of the man in the moon. He knows vaguely that he does n't like "Yankees"; still more vaguely that the United States and England are rivals in the South American trade. He is writing out of sheer ignorance and pure cussedness.

Let him go on until he learns better — for sometimes an Englishman does learn better. Here is a flower from a wreath laid "on murder'd Lincoln's bier." It was laid there by an Englishman who humbly asked pardon for the wrong his "smart pen" had done a great and good man to win "the self-complaisant British sneer."

"Yes; he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil and confute my pen;
To make me own this kind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter, a true-born king of men.

"My shallow judgement I had learn'd to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose;
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true;
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows."

But it is a serious matter when an American displays ignorance of the government under which he lives, and of which he is a part. For the one thing that holds this government together, gives it strength and unity and the hope of perpetuity, is its foundation in good faith and good sense. If it has got away from its foundation, if it has ceased to be, in good faith, the government of the people, it has lost its one great strength; and, sooner or later, it will most certainly perish from the face of the earth.

But there ought to be no "if" in the matter for Americans who care enough about their country to inform themselves as to the state of government affairs. They ought to know that representative government is as live a thing to-day in this country as it ever was. The people may, and sometimes do, elect incompetent and unworthy men to office; but the majority of the men who control the destinies of the nation are fairly representative of the people. This is at all times true of the legislative branch. It is less true of the executive, for the executive necessarily represents a party rather than the whole people. But in a country where parties are so evenly balanced as they are here, no executive is ever likely to get so far away from the path of duty as to break faith with the people in a national crisis.

The people often find fault with the action of Congress; but they should remember that this need not prove that Congress is at fault. This is a great country, and it harbors all sorts and conditions of men. Their representatives may naturally be expected to differ widely in character, intellect and opinions. It is no easy matter to get even a bare majority of so large body of men to look at a given subject in one way, or to unite in a given action — even if they are all sensible and patriotic. When we remember that a wild theorist like Senator Peffer really represents the ideas and desires of a certain constituency, we can understand that the Voice of the People must sometimes sound a little cracked to the ear of the most experienced legislator.

No; our politics are no more "tortuous" than those of any other nation, and the man who is ready to call the President of the United States a traitor because he does not agree with his policy, simply shows that he does not understand the dignity of his own citizenship. Yet this is the kind of loose talk that is far too frequently heard when the national honor is or seems to be at stake. It is a bad habit, that is growing on Americans; and the mischief of it is that the worst of it comes from men who ought to know better — from intelligent, well-meaning men, very often acknowledged leaders of social and intellectual progress — who have got the idea that "practical politics" are thoroughly corrupt and bad; and who have not taken the trouble to find out for themselves whether they are or not. These good people say ten when they mean one; and impute corruption and incompetence in many cases where there is only honest difference of opinion, or mistaken policy. Theirs is the talk of men who do not really know the people of which they are a very small, yet a very influential minority: and who do not know how clean and faithful, in the main, the people have kept their government. They mean it well, but it's not fair, it's not wise, it's not true. It's not the right talk for Americans.



THE PROBABLE CAUSE.

BROWN. — What baggy, sloppy-looking trousers Henpeck wears!

BROWN, JR. — I heard Mother say that his wife wore the trousers at his house, and I guess that is the reason.

IN THE FERRY WAITING-ROOM.



She was a gushing coryphée
In figure willowy, petite;
She wore the blooming smile of May—
A smile both coy and sweet.

Amid the hubbub and the din
This flower of the dancing stage
Read fondly, "Drop a nickel in
The slot, and learn your age!"

Then to herself: "I do not know
For sure which was my natal year;
Like Sweet Sixteen I dance, and so
My youth to all seems clear.

"I feel as nimble as the fawn
That leaps and capers uncontrolled;
I feel in spirit like the dawn
That floods the day with gold."

Then hoping that no one might see,
All nervously she looked about
The waiting-room, then timidly
Her silken purse took out.



She seemed to smile from head to foot,
With rapture rooted to the spot;
Then daintily and quickly put
A nickel in the slot.

She heard it jingle as it dropped,
And pulled the handle with a sigh;
Then up the full directions popped
Before her anxious eye.

She read them with a hurried glance,
The handle gave another jerk;
And gazing at the thing askance,
Learned that it would n't work.

Her nickel lost, she in a rage
Of disappointment chanced to see
The legend grim: "This tells no age
That's over 63."

R. K. M.



AN OPENING FOR A YOUNG MAN.

AMBITIOUS YOUTH.—I see you advertise for a private secretary.
MILLIONAIRE.—Yes. Did you ever play base-ball?
"Um—yes; I've always been very fond of base-ball; but, of course, I would not neglect my employer's interests to attend a game. No; indeed, sir."
"Are you a good player?"
"Well, yes; for an amateur."
"Belong to a nine?"
"Yes; but I'll resign if you wish. I'm captain and catcher of the Nevermuff Club."
"Good! You'll do."
"Eh? I thought you wanted a secretary."
"So I do. But I want a secretary who can catch the bombs which cranks throw at me, so the infernal things won't hit the floor and explode."

THE DIFFERENCE.
"Is incense burned on the altars of the Comic Muse?"
"No; nonsense."

THE BARGAIN-COUNTER clerk comes early, but he does n't avoid the rush.

THE POLYSYLLABLE is not much used by plain people. "Exoneration" and "vindication" are not wanted by the man who keeps straight.



A CLASSICAL ANECDOTE.

"Fine words butter no parsnips," was the terse remark of the late Sophocles when the Athens *Daily Heleneblat* gave the first performance of "Philoctetes" a two-column send-off. "What I want to collar," said that great poet, "is not gush, but gate-money!"

HARD ON THE GIRL.

"Do be careful what you say in your poems addressed to me," pleaded his fiancée; "because all my friends read your poetry."

"That's all right," the poet answered; "no one knows you by the pet name of Phyllis, and no one would ever recognize you by my descriptions."

BLISS.

They were dreaming of wedded bliss. "After your hard day's work, dear—" she murmured.

"Yes;" he interrupted earnestly.

"You will come home and talk with me, and hold me in your lap and read to me and drive all my cares away and rub my head, and it will be so sweet, and so just like a book!"

SUITED TO A T—The Clothing of a Scare-crow.

MEN WHO are seeking an opening, and waiting for something to turn up, might try the old-fashioned way of putting their hands to the plough to open and turn up the soil.

A TRIFLE STUFFY.

MISS SLUMMING.—It must be very uncomfortable for you up here.
Mrs. Brannigan.
Mrs. BRANNIGAN.—Oh, sure, Mum! an' it would n't be so bad entirely if the family over in that corner did n't kape boarders.

MAVERICKS

Short Stories Rounded Up.

THE STORY OF SHIFTLESS SMITH.

IROQUOIS HOTEL,
BUFFALO, N. Y., November 4th, 18—

MY DEAR WIFE:

When you get this long letter you will be astonished to see that I am away out here in Buffalo; and when I tell you how I came to be here and what I am doing here, I am afraid you will not believe me. You will say I am out of my head. But all I shall tell you, my dear wife, is perfectly true.

For some time before I left home I had been nearly distracted from thinking of our condition there on the farm; of how I had let the property dwindle away, a few acres every year, until there was so little of it left that there seemed to be nothing ahead of us but the poor-house.

Everybody said it was on account of my laziness, and I suppose they were right. But oh! how many times I have tried to overcome that hatred of mine for farm work. I would start out in

the morning full of firm resolve, but when I would sit down on the log under the cherry-tree by the well for a moment's rest, the children would see me from across the street; and when they came over, I would begin telling them stories, and fool and play with them while you went about your housework with a solemn face, looking at me from time to time, but saying nothing. And afterward, all my morning resolutions melted away. I would get an old book and read, read, read until the sun got low.

I saw this Fall that my miserable little crops would not keep us through half the Winter. I did not know what could be done. I told you that I would go to Bridgeport and try to find work in the shops.

I did go to Bridgeport, but they laughed at me. What could they do with an old farmer like me? So I thought I would try South Norwalk; but I got on a fast express train by mistake and was carried through to New York.

You never can think how I felt when I found myself in that big city. It was getting late, and I put up in a cheap lodging-house for the night.

Next morning, my first thought was to get away from New York. I was an object of ridicule, I felt, because of my long hair and my outlandish clothes. I was pointed at and laughed at everywhere.

I was walking hurriedly toward the railroad station when some one touched me on the arm and asked if he could speak with me a minute.

"I don't think you can have any business with me," I said.

"That will depend upon yourself altogether," he replied; "but if 't will not be giving offence, I'll state the business I'd like to have with you."

"You're right," said I, "to take me for a countryman; but you are wrong if you think I don't read the papers. The trouble with me has always been that I read too much. Now, I have just fifty cents," said I, "and these old clothes."

The man laughed and put his hand on my shoulder.

"Ye make my business easy," he said, with a sort of a brogue. "'T is the clothes that arrested my attention, sir; I want them."

I thought he was making fun of me and turned to go on; but he would not let me. To make the story short, I found that he was in earnest, and did want my old clothes for some special use. I agreed to let him have them, and he took me to a clothing store where I exchanged them for a new suit, new shoes, a new hat and a white shirt. He paid the bill.

When I was dressed in the new clothes the man looked at me with a jolly twinkle in his eye.

"'T is all in the duds," said he. "With the clothes you've shed I'll make an actor, and with those you've just put on I've made another.

Get a shave and a bit of a clip with the scissors around the neck, me boy, and ye'll be the picture of Misther Jeffson. Good-by — good loock."

He shook my hand and left me. I was sorry to part with him; I think we could have had some fun together. A hundred miles from home and no way to get back but to walk. No money, no work, and Winter coming on; all these things on my mind, and yet I could have told stories and cracked jokes with this stranger for half a day if he had given me the chance. The old story, Martha.

I took the man's advice and got shaved; and the barber trimmed my hair just a little. This took thirty-five of my fifty cents. Perhaps I ought not to have spent the money, but with my new clothes I thought I needed the trimming up.

No one guyed me after this, but people noticed me a good deal in a different way. Most of those I met turned their heads to look at me; some halted as though they recognized my face; two or three well dressed gentlemen bowed and touched their hats. I did the same, and could not help but think what my friend had said: "'T is all in the duds."

Then I turned toward the station, and my spirits were down again. Dressed like a gentleman, it seemed hard to have to walk so many miles on the track.

"I don't believe this Mr. Jeffson, who looks like me, would do that," I thought; and it made me laugh to think how I might be taken for him while walking on the ties. It is strange that I will have these light thoughts, no matter what trouble I may be in.

Some ladies, dressed in silks and furs, passed out of the station door and smiled and bowed as they stepped into their carriage, but I did not realize that they were bowing to me until they were gone. I was considering whether I had better ride a little way or begin my walk at once, and save the fifteen cents for sandwiches. How I dreaded that walk!

I raised my head, and over near where the carriage had stood I saw a little white card lying on the walk. I stepped over and picked it up. It was a ticket to Buffalo. I suppose one of the ladies had dropped it. Of course I could not find the lady, and I did not think of such a thing as selling the ticket, although I have learned since that I might easily have done so.

I decided to go to Buffalo. I could ride there in less time than I could walk to South Norwalk. I could find work in one place as easily as in the other. I could send you money from Buffalo as well as from Norwalk, I thought. I suppose it was a foolish thing to do, but no one knows better than you do, Martha, that I would be all the more likely to do it on that account.

I walked to the train and found every seat filled. I was passing into what they call a parlor-car, when a conductor asked me if I had a seat ticket, and I was obliged to tell him — nb.

But just then a man who was stepping out turned to the conductor and said: "Let the gentleman have my seat. I can not go on this train. I am called back to the city." He had a telegraph-message in his hand.

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," I said; but I did not know that he had paid two dollars for the seat, or I would not have taken it so freely.

"You are quite welcome to the seat," he said, and he turned directly toward me for the first time. He was more of a city-raised man than I am, and perhaps he was a little older, but we looked almost exactly alike. I knew that he must be Mr. Jeffson. It was plain that he did not know who I was, though, for he seemed surprised enough, and turned twice to look at me before he passed back into the waiting-room.

We had a splendid ride to Buffalo. I sat in my easy chair by a great



wide window and looked out at the beautiful Hudson River, and the mountains still covered with all the colors of the Autumn foliage; and we moved along so swiftly and silently that I seemed to be flying through a new world. I thought it was not much like going afoot to South Norwalk.

There were half a dozen children in the car, and you can imagine that I made friends with them quickly with my stories and nonsensical talk that all children love so well.



When the train had come to a stop I stepped off the car and stood looking up and down the station, not knowing where to go, when a gentleman rushed up and took me by the hand.

"Ah, you *did* come!" said he. "I got your telegram; but I knew you'd get here if you could. Got to hurry up now—come along—I'll explain in a minute!"

He hurried me along to a carriage, got in with me and told the driver to go to the Iroquois Hotel. "You've saved the snap," he said. "Fact is, Mr. Jeffson, that boy of yours is awfully clever, you know, and all that—but he's just dead rattled, sir; and though he's got the business down fine, he ain't in any shape to *understudy you*, sir—not in Buffalo, anyway. Wait till we get to Erie to try him!"

I tried two or three times to tell him of his mistake, but he kept talking so fast, and the carriage made so much noise, that I thought I would wait to explain it all when we reached the hotel.

As soon as we got into the lighted rooms he looked at me surprised, and exclaimed:

"Why, this is *n't* Mr. Jeffson!"

"I know it," said I; "it is Obed Smith."

He kept looking at me and saying he was damned. He said it fifteen or twenty times. He could not seem to think of anything else to say for some minutes; then he began to ask questions.

I told him everything that had happened to me since I left home; about my adventures in Bridgeport and New York; about the man who had got my old clothes; about finding the ticket for Buffalo and meeting Mr. Jeffson on the train, and all the rest. You know how I tell such things, Martha. You know what a *dern* monkey fool I am. I could *n't* sit still and tell it, but I had to walk the floor and act as though I was going through the whole thing again. The man quit damning and laughed harder and harder as I went on with the story. When I had finished he slapped me on the back.

"Ned Larrigan made the mistake of his life," said he, "when he took your clothes instead of yourself. You are a born actor, Smith."

You remember, Martha, that as much as ten years ago you found me



SUSPICIOUS.

"Look here," said the rural guest of the swell hotel, to the clerk; "I want you to read this bill of fare over to me."

"Certainly;" and the clerk repeated the names of the French dishes with the same ease and celerity with which he would have recited a time-table.

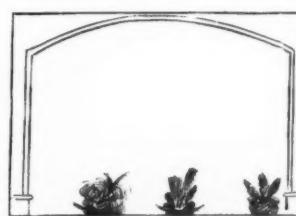
"Now, I want you to tell me where the nearest doctor's office is."

"Sick, sir?"

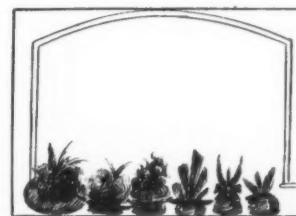
"No; but I want to find out whether these things are half as hard to digest as they are to pronounce."



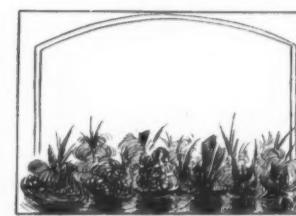
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1:57 o'clock;



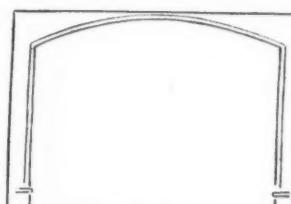
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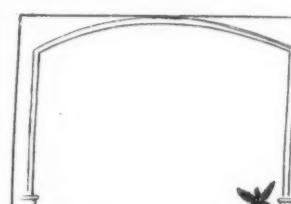
when the curtain rose,

A MAN AT THE MATINÉE.

His Views of the Proscenium at—



1:30 o'clock;



1:45 o'clock;

A BUNCH OF KEYS.

TOM COLLINS.—The singing of the Lonelyville choir reminds me of an experience I had, the other night, returning from the Club.

"What was it?"

"It took me about half an hour to strike the right key."

A ROLL OF MUSIC—The Drum Solo.

UNDER THE ROSE—The Thorn.

DEAR READERS—Those who Borrow their Paper.

in the barn one day reading a play. It was a play that had for its principal character a jolly, worthless old fellow—as worthless as I was myself. You found me, not only reading the play, but trying to act this old fellow's part. And that was the first and only time you ever upbraided me for my laziness and neglect of the farm. Your words stung and shamed me, and I threw the book away, but I never forgot it. I seemed to love that miserable fellow, somehow or another, and I could n't get him out of my mind.

Well, when this man said I was a born actor, I thought of that.

The man was looking at me curiously. "If you knew anything about Trip Twinkle," said he, "I think you could play the part. You seem to have been a sort of Trip Twinkle yourself."

My heart gave a jump at these words, for he had named the old vagabond himself.

"I do know it, by heart," I said.

The man started and said he was damned again. Then he got excited and clapped my hat on my head and grabbed me by the arm and rushed me out of the hotel to the theatre. He got his actors there, too, and made me go through the play with them. Then it was time for the performance to begin, and we went through it again before a big audience. I played old Trip Twinkle, and I guess by what the papers said the next morning that I played it all right. It seems that a good many at first wanted their money back if they could not see Jeffson; but by the time the play was half over they were stamping their feet and clapping their hands and calling for me to come before the curtain. The papers say that Mr. Jeffson's substitute gave them an entirely new Trip Twinkle, with a new manner and a new accent; but that he was a wonderfully realistic actor and his performance was a triumph. They could learn nothing about him and he was not to be found after the performance. It was said that he had fainted and had left the theatre in a very weak state.

That was true; but a big beefsteak and some fried onions fixed me all right. I had n't eaten anything since a roll that I bought at six o'clock in the morning.

Mr. Jeffson came the next day, and last night he played the part himself; but I am engaged to stay with the company. If I should name the salary I get you would not believe *anything* I have told you; but twenty dollars goes with this; and next week I will send twenty more. And twenty every week till April. If you still doubt, you will have to wait two months. Then we are to be in New Haven, and I can see you and convince you that your shiftless, worthless old husband tells the truth.

I've got to work hard if I'm going to act, they say; but I don't feel any lump in my throat. I think I can work at *this*.

Write me at Cleveland, Ohio, care of the Weddell House, and tell me all the news.

Your loving husband,

OBED SMITH.

P.S.—I don't know what we will do by and by, Martha, but for the present take things a little easier. Don't bother to nail any more boards on that old hen-house; you've had trouble enough with that. Sell the hens.

C. H. Augur.





TURNING THE TABLES.

ACTOR (as PORTER sets his trunk down).—Good! Good!
Best I've ever seen. Take it down and carry it up again.

PORTER (in amazement).—Carry that troon down an' oop agin', jist ter pl'ase you? Yer crazy.

ACTOR (in apparent surprise).—Don't be offended, my friend. I was pleased with the way you did your work, and I was only giving you an encore.

WELL UP ON THE SUBJECT.

MR. TROTTER.—Well, I suppose you will marry some peer before you return?

MISS BUDD.—Dear me, no! Most peers belong to old families and are dreadfully in debt, while nearly all the baronets are quite new, and knighted on account of their money. I'm going for a baronet.

CONSOLATION.

FLORA WALL.—Oh, dear! there's a spot on the back of my gown. How can I ever go to the dance to-night?

MINNIE BALL.—It won't be noticed, my dear; if you go early.

THEY ALL DO IT.

She kept him indoors just an hour
Engaged in idle talk;
But did not think to don her gloves
Until they went to walk.

T. M.



USED TO IT.

MR. MORRISON ESSEX (facetiously).—Well, that's fine, I must say! Don't you find that a rather cool object to make love to?

ORANGE WANDERER.—Thatsh all right, ol' gent. I come from Boston.

A BRIGHT SIDE.

HE.—Will you expect me to-morrow evening if it snows? You know the walking will be so bad.

SHE (brightly).—If worst comes to worst, you can come in a sleigh.

LOCALLY FORECAST.

SUMMER, Autumn, Winter, Spring,
Which of the seasons shall I sing
'Twixt Christmas-tide and All Fools' Day,
In the latitude of New York Bay?

Cold wind, fog, Spring zephyrs, snow,
Ice, heat and hailstones all in a row,—
By what name shall our belt be known?
Intemperate or Horrid Zone?

Mayhap proud Science may relieve us,
So hotchpotch weather will not grieve us;—
But she must, to do it — dollars to cents —
Eliminate all of the elements.

R. W. M.



SATISFACTORILY EXPLAINED.

SQUIRE OSHKOSH (to OPERATOR in western office).—Look here, this 'ere telegram from my son Rube don't sound like him. It's too kind of sharp and pointed like. Have n't you made some mistake?

OPERATOR.—Oh, that's all right! You see our wires are down west of here, and we have been working about sixty miles over a barbed-wire fence.

A SOLICITOUS EMPLOYER.

PENWIPER.—I would like to get off to-day, sir. I—

HEAD OF FIRM.—Oh, that's all right, Penwiper! you need n't say any more. I hope your dead grandmother will have a good time.

A CERTAIN INDICATION.

Although my darling is priding
Herself on her formal tone,
I know that the girl is hiding
A love which she will not own.

Though I have received no token,
Yet my eager hope is fed,
Not by the words she has spoken,
But by things which she has n't said.

Harry Romaine.



ANCIENT FORMS OF AMUSEMENT.

FROM THE *Hypnotic Gazette*, JANUARY 1ST, A. D. 2203.

ORKMEN EMPLOYED on the mesmeric dredge near what was in old times the bed of the Harlem River, discovered yesterday a leaden box in which was the following manuscript, which gives us a vivid idea of the crude condition of the drama toward the close of the 19th Century:

“FUN ON THE ROOF.”

Farce Comedy in 3 Acts.

ACT I.

SCENE. — A garden with practicable gate R. U. E.

SPARKLE MCINTYRE (*entering through gate*). — Well, this is a pretty state of affairs! Rosanna Harefoot lived only for me until that theatrical troupe came to town; but now she's so stuck on singing and dancing and letting those actor men make love to her that I can't get a moment with her. Hulloa! here comes the whole company. I guess they're going to rehearse here. I'll hide behind this tree, and watch them do their acts.

(Enter company of PLAYERS.)

FIRST PLAYER. — Well, this is a hot day; but while we're trying to keep cool, Miss Kitty Socks will sing, “Under the Daisies.”

(*Specialties by the entire company.*)

FIRST PLAYER. — Well, we'd better hurry away down the street, or else we'll be late. (*Exeunt OMNES.*)

SPARKLE MCINTYRE (*emerging from behind tree*). — That looks easy enough. I guess I'll see what I can do myself.

(*Specialties.*)

FIRST PLAYER (*entering with company*). — Now that rehearsal is over, we'll have a little fun for a few moments.

SPARKLE (*aside*). — Rosanna will be mine yet.

GRAND FINALE.

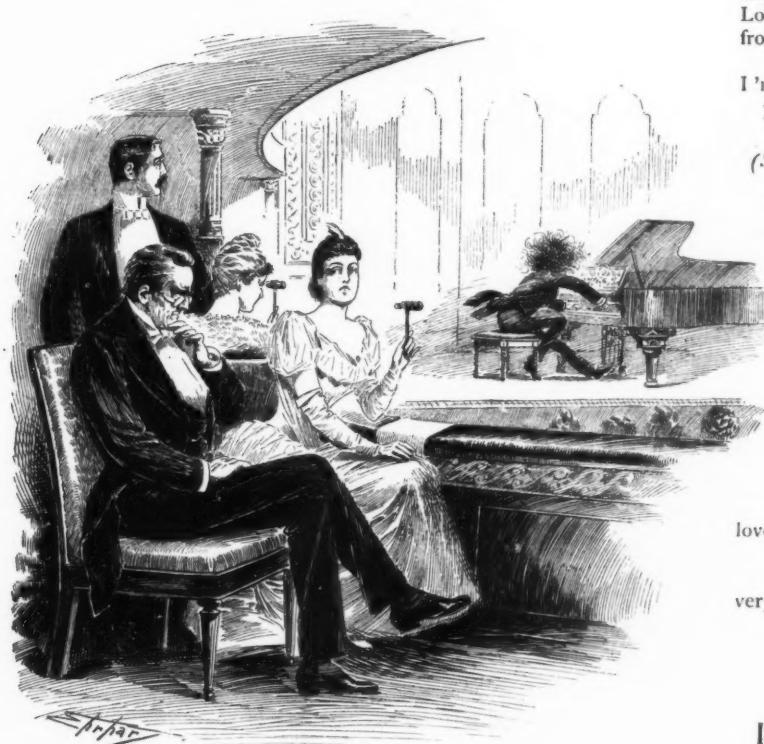
CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE. — Parlor of SPARKLE MCINTYRE'S house; SPARKLE discovered seated at table with brilliant dressing-gown on.

SPARKLE. — I invited all that theatrical company to spend the evening with me; but I'm afraid they won't come. I just wanted to surprise them with that new song and dance of mine. Ah! here they come, now.

(Enter theatrical company.)



A SCIENTIST'S OPINION.

MRS. MUSICMAD. — Doctor, why is it that all the great pianists have such long, bushy hair?

PROFESSOR SAVAGE (*reflectively*). — I presume it is to keep off the flies while they are performing.



A GENTLE THOUGHT.

TIRED TIM. — Phwhat are ye leerin' at de poster fur, Mike?

MISERY MIKE. — Oi'm t'inkin'.

TIRED TIM. — T'inkin' ye've got no fifty cints?

MISERY MIKE. — No; t'inkin' phwat a blissid ting 't wud be if we wuz innerent little kids ag'in.

FIRST PLAYER. — We were a little late, Mr. McIntyre; but the fact is, I had to go to the steamer to meet some friends of mine who were coming over to try their luck in glorious America. And as they're all perfect ladies and gentlemen, I took the liberty of bringing them along. Allow me to introduce them to you: Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Sirocco and the Miss Siroccos from the Royal Alhambra in Rooshy.

SPARKLE. — Ladies and gentlemen, I'm pleased to meet you; and, now, if you'll favor us with an act, we'll be greatly obliged.

(*Specialties by everybody, and Finale.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE. — Same as Act I.

Enter ROSANNA.

ROSANNA. — This is the very garden where I used to meet my own true Sparkle. In fact, it's right here that he used to spark me. Well, while I'm feeling so down-hearted, I'll do a little dance just to cheer myself up.

(*Specialties by ROSANNA.*)

SPARKLE (*entering*). — What! you here, Rosanna? Then you must love me.

ROSANNA. — Yes, Sparkle; I do.

SPARKLE (*embracing her*). — Then, darling, we will be married this very day. Call the neighbors all in, and we will sing, dance, and be merry.

(Enter Company. *Specialties.*)

CURTAIN.

James L. Ford.

IT IS SELDOM that the crusty man is toasted. — That is the difference between man and his bread.

WHEN SILENCE is broken, “the least said, the soonest mended.”

TIME HAS more lives than a cat. It can stand an indefinite amount of killing.



STICKING UP FOR THE
“PROFESSION.”



THE SILVER

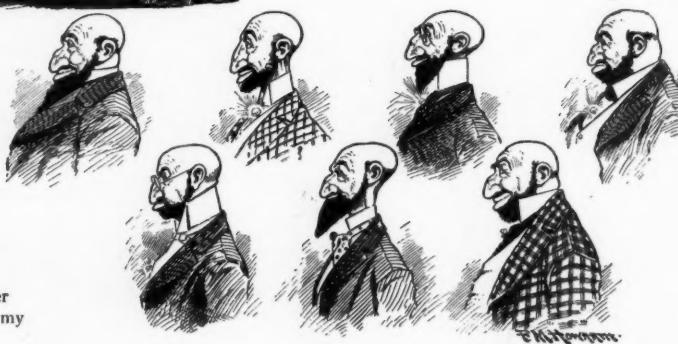




LOVE VS. BUSINESS.
No. 1.

MRS. ROSENWIG.—Isaac, our Rebecca become acquainted mit six or seven gentlemen at der pall last evening, an' she wants to know if she can haf von to call on her each nighdt in der veek. Seven loffers means seven customers, Isaac.

MR. ROSENWIG.—Dot's so. Tell her to welcome each und all, und hand dem my business carts.



No. 2.

But none of the seven lovers was allowed to call a second time.

WRITTEN BY STEAM.



HE radiator groans and steams,
Its noisy rattle ceases;
I'm always nervous when it seems
The thing will fly in pieces!
The mercury begins to climb,
And I am slowly browning;
I raise my eyes, from time to time,
And catch old Dante frowning.

His bust sits there, sardonic, stern,
Thin-lipped, sharp-nosed, and laureled;
No wonder that he loved to burn
The men with whom he quarreled!
He eyes me with a cynic leer;
I'm very much afraid he's
Thinking he finds it hotter here
Than when he was in Hades!

Harry Romaine.

A MINE OF INFORMATION.

THE FOLLOWING EXTRACTS are from the "Query" column of the *Chicago Lake-Echo*, and embrace a number of subjects of general interest:

WEATHER SHARP.—If the thermometer stood at 110° on the 30th of August, it must touch 40° before the 1st of February to fulfil your prediction of a drop of 150° in five months.

We believe 70° is the widest variation, for one day, in Chicago.

WAYBILL.—We admire your patriotic desire to ship your pork to Europe without letting it go through New York. Ship via Newport News or Baltimore.

MAMIE.—Your question as to who is the greater poet—Eugene Field

or Robert Browning—places us in an embarrassing position. No doubt Browning would have written much better poetry if he had lived longer; with this reservation we favor Eugene Field.

HARDUP.—Whether you will be forced to pay your subscription to the World's Fair Fund, depends on the course Congress takes in regard to the \$10,000,000 extra appropriation. In any event the committee will accept a 5% compromise.

DEEP WATER.—We are not able to state the dimensions of St. Peter's at the moment, but we believe the Fullerton Ave. Baptist Church will compare favorably in size and architecture with any of the famous cathedrals of the Old World.

DUCKY DARLING.—To obtain a divorce, you must reside ten days in the district and have your first papers.

CHARLIE.—If you are escorting a young lady to a swell "Five O'clock Short-ribs and Bacon," it would be decidedly improper for you to call her attention to the fact that she has a speck of soot on her nose. Ask her if there is not one on *yours*, and she will probably take the hint, and wipe hers off.

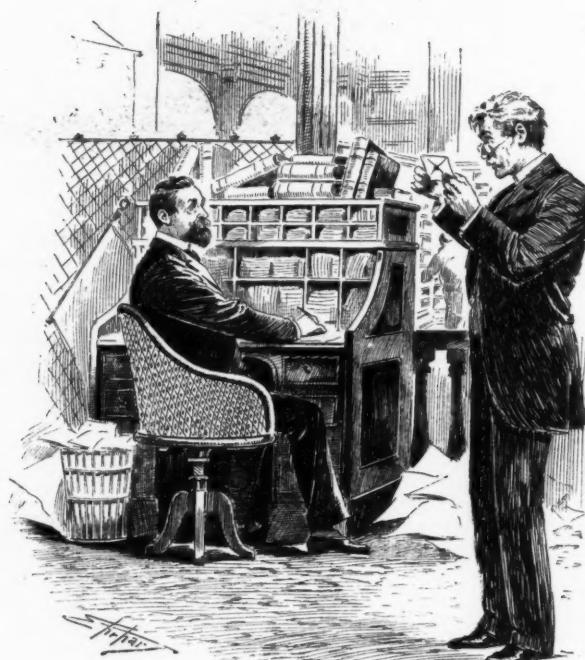
XYZ.—We have answered your question, "How much greater a population has Chicago than London?" very often, but we will do so once more. Conservative estimates make Chicago's population in 1900 over 5,000,000. London will then have 4,965,723. XYZ can figure the difference for himself.

TIRED OUT.—You can not sue the company if the cable breaks. The fact that you have paid your fare does not deprive you of the inalienable right to get out and walk.

TO BEGIN at the top rung of the ladder and to end at the lowest one is the great combination of success in case of fire.

CUT OFF IN HIS INFANCY.—The Truant from Kindergarten.

THE SERVANT-GIRL'S MOTTO—"We Lead; let Others be our Followers."



A SAFE SHOT.

CLERK (to POSTMASTER).—Mr. Baggs, here is a letter with the destination so illegibly written that no clerk in the office can determine where to forward it.

POSTMASTER.—Can you make out the name?

CLERK.—It looks like the Hon. James Jams.

POSTMASTER.—Well, then, try Dwight, Illinois.

PUCK.

HOW JOHNNY CHOPPED MINCE-MEAT —

— AND READ A DIME NOVEL AT THE SAME TIME —
AND HOW IT WASN'T A BRILLIANT SUCCESS.



"The infuriated maniac —



— seized Daredevil Dick with superhuman strength. —



— Together they struggled nearer and nearer the brink, —



— until with a shriek he forced our hero over the precipice —

A TALE OF THE RACES.

HE COULD TELL YOU all the horses
That had run at all the courses,
When they ever held a meeting
Since the racing year began.
And not only could he tell you
All their names, but he could — well, you
See he made their form a study —
Say exactly how they ran.

For he knew which horse was leading
At each quarter, and their breeding,
With the time for every quarter,
And the horse that won the race.
He knew which had "sulked" or faltered,
And just how it would have altered
Their positions at the finish
Had the favorite made the pace.

He knew records to a second,
Who had made them, and had reckoned
Just what other horse could do it,
When the track was fast or slow.
He remembered, too, the betting,
And the jockeys, not forgetting
To note specially the distance
Every one of them could go.

So you see, in half a minute
He knew just what horse could win it,
Whether at a mile or over,
Or a short six-furlong dash.
Then he never hesitated,
Not a single instant waited,
But he backed them in the betting
For a goodly pile of cash.

As a plunger he was noted,
And his tips were often quoted.
Be it fair or stormy weather,
He was always at the track.
He came always, too, with money,
But, although — it's very funny —
He could tell so much about them,
He was always walking back.

James G. Burnett.

THE ART OF WAR.

THE PRESIDENT (*dolefully*). — Three or four foreign countries are preparing to attack us.

SECRETARY OF WAR. — They are, eh? Just hold on till I can get the boys together. We'll pack their primaries.

A MAN NEVER realizes how much waiting can be done in an hour until he waits on the sidewalk for some one who has stepped into a house "just for a minute."



— and in deadly embrace they fell — down — down — dow — " Why, Johnny! "

When a book of short stories has been on the market for 15 months, with a steadily increasing demand, there must be a reason for it. Any one who has ever read *SHORT SIXES*, by *H. C. Bunner*, the Editor of *PUCK*, will not require to have the reason explained that it is owing to the charm and originality of the stories and the cleverness of the illustrations.

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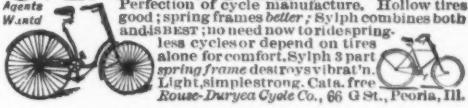
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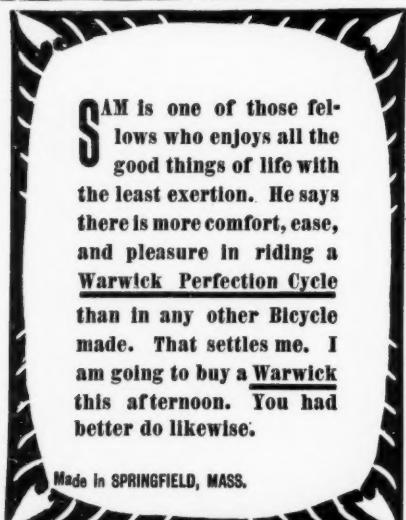
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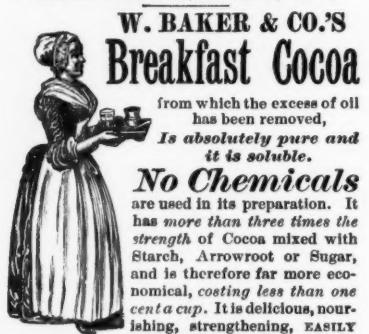
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AMATEUR.—I told him I was n't going to charge him anything.—*New York Weekly.*

CLUBABLE.

BOUTTOWN.—Do you belong to the Actors' Club?

NEW ACQUAINTANCE.—No; I'm an actor. I belong to the Press Club.—*New York Weekly.*

"THIS must be another case of 'capillary attraction,'" said Miss Vassar, when young Campus asked her for a lock of hair.—*Vale Record.*

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"No; but he keeps right at it."—*The Epoch.*

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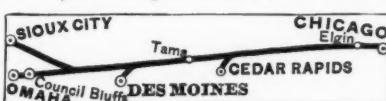
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A REMARKABLE MAN.

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HOSTESS.—Indeed he is. He has started in to convert the choir.—*New York Weekly*.

PRINCE RUSSELL HARRISON announces that he is tired of playing the rôle of President's son. But it can't be half as tiresome as it is to play the rôle of President with Russell as leading juvenile.—*Boston Post*.

MANY men imagine that the world could n't get along without them; but when they die, the town in which they lived experiences a boom.—*Texas Siftings*.

REMARKED by the hands of the chronometer: "We have n't any eyes, but we're always on the watch, just the same."—*Boston Courier*.

SILENCE being golden, Mr. Blaine's attitude regarding his candidacy ought by this time to have netted him a good deal.—*Boston Post*.

RUDYARD KIPLING is married at last, and now we may reasonably expect that "other story."—*Boston Post*.

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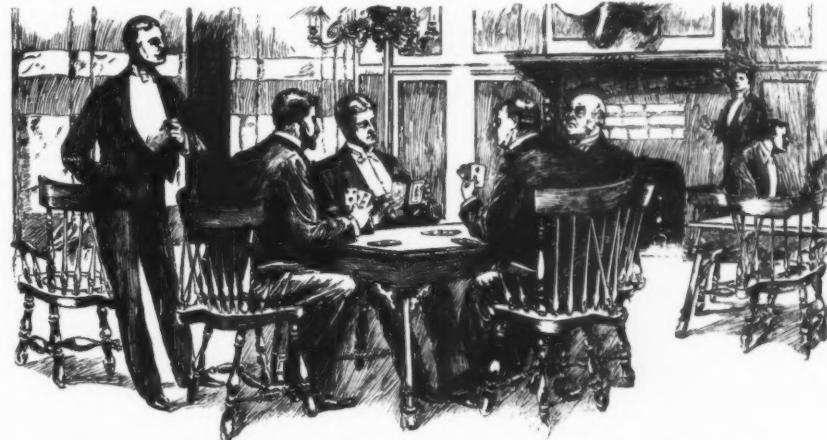
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The casting out of the devil of disease was once a sign of authority.

Now we take a little more time about it and cast out devils by thousands—we do it by knowledge.

Is not a man who is taken possession of by the germ of consumption possessed a devil?

A little book on CAREFUL LIVING and Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil will tell you how to exorcise him if it can be done.

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No harm! It leaves the skin soft like a baby's; no alkali in it, nothing but soap.

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A LONELY MORTAL.

BILKINS.—How do do? Had the grip yet?

WILKINS.—No.

BILKINS.—I'm sorry for you, old fellow. What on earth do you talk about when you meet people? — *New York Weekly*.

WHY HE WAS EJECTED.

"Why was Booker ejected from the Boston Public Library reading-room the other day?"

"He was discovered reading sayings of PUCK in Shakspere's 'Midsummer Night's Dream.'" — *Yarmouth Register*.

PESSIMISTIC DEFINITIONS.

Energy.—The ability to do work given to bodies that would otherwise be harmless.

Gravitation.—A law under whose influence the apples that ought to ripen on the tree fall to the ground. — *Kate Field's Washington*.

It is said that grip germs have been caught and photographed. Wonder if they "look pleasant?" — *Yonkers Statesman*.

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A DEFINITION.

"So you don't think there's anything spiritual about her?"

"No; she's a No. 6 woman with a No. 2 soul." — *St. Joseph Daily News*.

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Six kettles every 24 hours, equal to 6,000 barrels or 1,800,000 per year. Material used: Malt, 12,000 bushels per day, 3,600,000 bushels per year, Hops, 7,500 pounds per day, 2,250,000 pounds per year.

THE LITTLE STORE AROUND THE CORNER. What a sweet and refreshing story this is! Page 11, HALF-TRUE TALES, by *Augur*. In Cloth, \$1.00; in Paper, 50 cents.

CONDUCTOR.—Look here, my man; what under heaven are you ringing the bell at both ends of the car for?

O'RAFFERTY.—Sure, an' Oi want both ends of the car to stop. — *Yale Record*.

The popular verdict is that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the best in the world. 25 cents. For speedy relief and cure of neuralgia and rheumatism use Salvation Oil. 25 cents.

Ho! Traveller, take BEECHAM'S PILLS with you.

ED PINAUD'S ELIXIR DENTIFRICE

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When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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Nicoll the Tailor

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"How to Get Married, Though Single," by the author of "How to be Happy, Though Married."

"The Grand Central Station," by the author of "The Albany Depot."

"Jam Satis," by the author of "Pax Vobiscum." — *Dorothea Lummis, in Kate Field's Washington.*

LABOR SAVING MACHINES.

The reporter had been interviewing the walking delegate at considerable length. Finally he inquired:

"Do you believe in labor saving machines?"

"No, sir," was the emphatic response.

"Not even in the domain of the household?"

The walking delegate hesitated a moment for thought.

"Well," he said at last, "I suppose a man might have a wife." — *Detroit Free Press.*

KEPT IT TO HIMSELF.

"What makes you think that Stillwater is such a clever fellow? I never heard him say anything more than 'yes' or 'no'."

"That's what convinces me he is clever." — *Boston Post.*

WHY IT IS.

SHE.—I wonder why leap year has an extra day in it?

HE.—Oh, I suppose it is to give the girls that much more chance. — *Detroit Free Press.*

SHARP.—Do you see that mansion over there? That's where Thompson, the millionaire, lives. Another proof of the assertion that advertising pays.

FLAT.—Ah, a merchant prince, I presume?

SHARP.—No; he's the owner of a newspaper. — *Kate Field's Washington.*

THE New York physician who says that ballet dancing and high kicking do not demoralize the female form, examined the wrong patient. In a general way he can be distinguished by his bald head. — *Detroit Free Press.*

A CHICAGO editor suggests that if the atmosphere grows much worse in that city it will have to be taken in capsules. — *Detroit Free Press.*



Palace Buffet Sleeping car for California via New York Central every Tuesday. Regular rates. Apply to ticket agents for particulars.

NEBRASKA furnishes a unique sample of dilatory justice. A convict has just been granted a new trial, but investigation showed that he had served his sentence and only wanted to be let alone. — *Detroit Free Press.*

A SUPPOSED authority says that a man weighing 154 pounds is made up of thirty-eight pounds of solid matter and 116 pounds of water. Was that analysis made in Kentucky? — *Detroit Free Press.*

LABOR AGITATOR.—My friend, are you not in favor of the eight-hour movement?

ABE LAZY (the tramp).—Movement! who ever heard of me bein' in favor of any kind of movement? — *Kate Field's Washington.*

The New York Central & Hudson River Railroad is the only great Trunk Line running its trains into the city of New York.

The fame of their music spreads near and afar, The "Washburn," "Marquette," and the "Lake-side" guitar. Sold by all music dealers. Manufactured by Lyon & Healy, Chicago. Catalogue free.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA

"Best & Goe Farthest."

"Thank heaven, I
Am quite well. May
I be permitted to say:
Thank heaven and
VAN HOUTEN?
Is it not his Cocoa
That makes me feel so
Well?"

PERFECTLY PURE.

VAN HOUTEN'S PATENT PROCESS

increases by 60 PER CENT. the solubility of the flesh-forming elements, making of the cocoa bean an easily digested, delicious, nourishing and stimulating drink, readily assimilated, even by the most delicate.

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Samples free at the stationers, or we will send twelve styles for ten cents.

391 TADELLA PEN CO., ST. PAUL, MINN.



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BLAIR CAMERA COMPANY.
The new plant of the Blair Camera Company will, without doubt, locate in this city.

Mr. T. H. Blair, of Boston, manager of the company, was in the city yesterday, and inspected the proposed location of the factory at Darlington, and he was very highly pleased with the site. One of the important reasons for locating at Darlington is because the factory must be free from dust and dirt, the nature of the work requiring cleanliness. While the plans for the buildings have not been definitely decided upon, Mr. Goff said that the factory would consist of several buildings in the form of a three-sided hollow square, with a frontage of 150 feet and wing on the sides 130 feet long and about 50 feet wide. The factory will be two stories high.

Mr. Blair is particularly pleased at the idea of locating the mill here, because much of the work to be done is fine brass work, and the many jewelry shops in Attleboro and Providence will be able to furnish the skilled help needed. Again, the location at Darlington has its advantages, owing to its direct railroad connections with all important industrial and commercial centres. The company, which has a capital of \$250,000, in addition to making cameras, will also manufacture the film and other materials and articles used in the art of photography. The officers of the company are: Darius L. Goff, President; T. J. Rabbeth, Vice President; T. H. Blair, Treasurer and Manager; S. N. Turner, Secretary. — *Pawtucket, (R. I.), Evening Times.*

New York Central — the great national Fast Mail Route across the continent.



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For Brain-Workers and Sedentary People; Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 in. square floor-room; new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Indorsed by 20,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors, and others now using it. Send for illustrated circular, 40 engravings, no charge. Prof. D. L. Dowd, Scientific, Physical and Vocal Culturist, 9 East 14th Street, New York. 386

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30 YEARS THE STANDARD. 383

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B.		O.	
Best Girl	" 23	On the Road	" 24
Budder Shinbones	" 42	Our Foreign Fellow	" 24
Bunco	" 14	Citizens	" 7
C.	" 38	Out Doors	" 25
Chin	" 19	Out Our West	" 25
Chow Chow	" 42	P.	" 35
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D.		'Round Town	" 29
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Dumb Critters	" 40	Show Business	" 22
E.		Small Boy, The	" 16
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F.		Spoons	" 50
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G.		Ups and Downs	" 34
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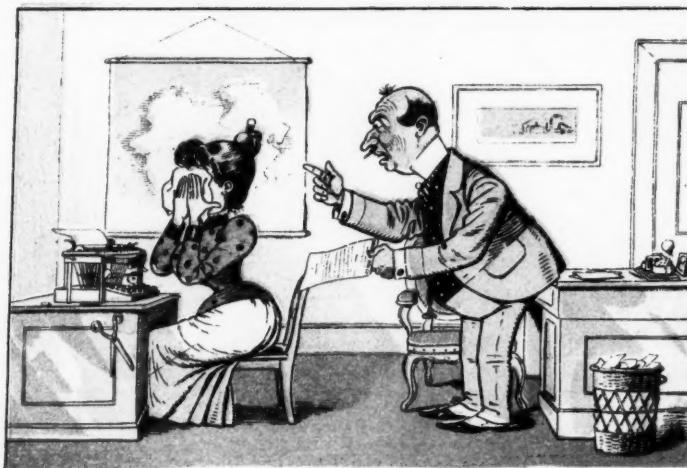
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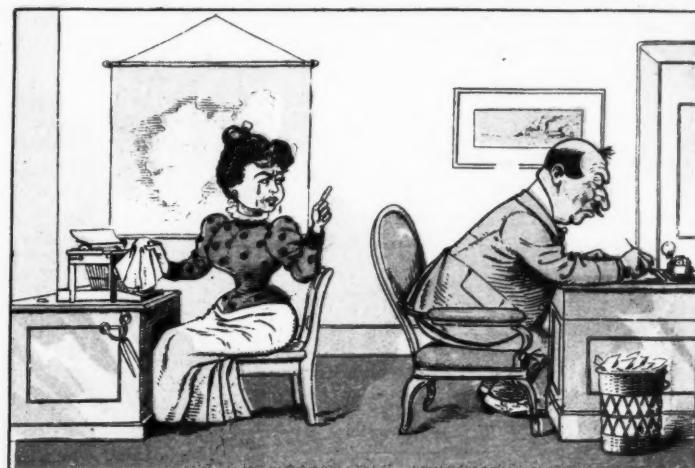
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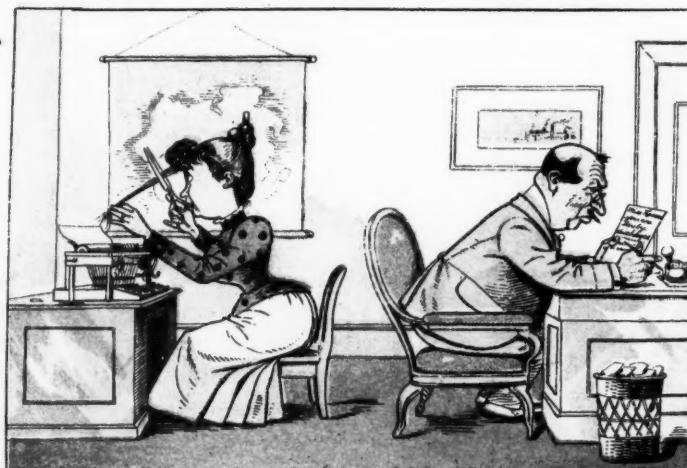
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Miss Spelter as typewritist
Is really no great shakes,
So, Mr. Bossing jumps on her
For one of her mistakes.



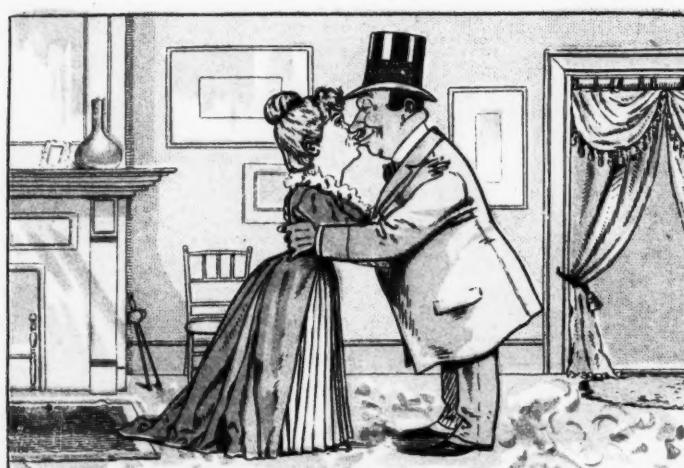
Now, in return for his reproof
She gives him forty fits,
And cries: "For this, you horrid man,
I'm bound we shall be quits!"



"Enough," says Mr. Bossing; "Miss,
Then you must do the quitting;"
But can not see what she is at,
As back to back they're sitting.



(She's snipped a long and curly lock
From out her bang so black,
Which, while her *congé* he indites,
She scatters on his back!)



Then, all unconscious, home he goes,
To greet his fair-haired wife,
Relieved in mind, now Spelter's bounced,
That there's an end of strife.



But, no! She spies that raven tress
With dreadful agitation —
And so, what follows had best be
Left to the imagination.